

DOTS and DASHES

A medium to spread cheer and carry useful and interesting items of information.

Published Weekly by the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, New Jersey

Vol. 2

Wednesday, July 10, 1918

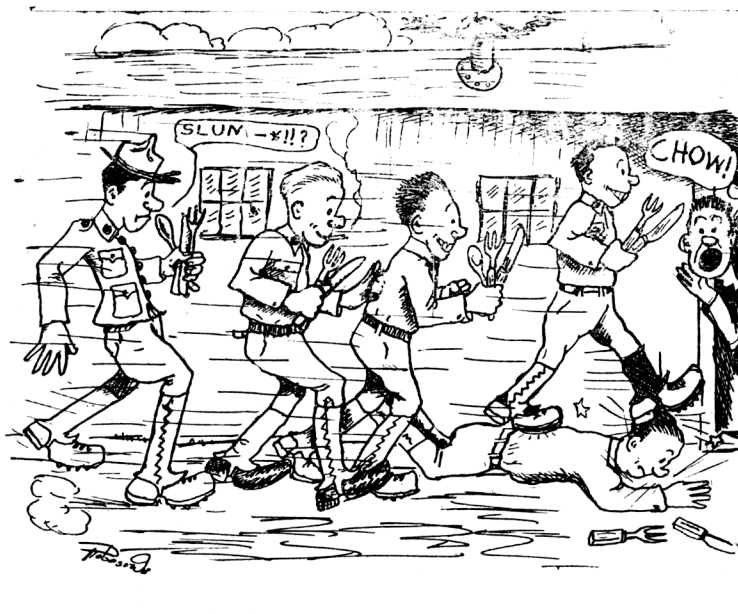
No. 3

**A wise old owl sat on an oak; The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard. Oh, soldier IMITATE THIS BIRD.**

COLONEL COWAN LEAVES AND COLONEL HELMS ARRIVES AT CAMP ALFRED VAIL

When Colonel Cowan—he was Major then—was given orders to go to Little Silver, New Jersey, last summer, he went to an atlas to see where the place was. He was tolerably familiar with the geography of the Jersey coast, but he had not heard of this nice-sounding town. He failed to find it in the book he looked at, and then he began to look elsewhere. He was finally driven to call on the railroad people for information. Nobody, not even the railroad people in Kansas, knew where Little Silver was located. When he started on his way, he intended going as far as New York, from which place he understood Little Silver was only a short distance, and intended to feel his way along the coast until he came to his destination. All the while he kept thinking, "Little Silver! Little Silver! That sounds to me like the name of a horse—a race horse!"

Well, his journey ended, as all journeys do if pursued long enough, and sure enough, he found an abandoned race track, on which, more than likely, there had been a quarter-horse, or something with hair on it, named Little Silver. He not only found the place, but he had a man's job cut out for him. Roads had to be located and cut and improved. New Jersey mud had to be dealt with effectively and lastingly. Buildings had to be built and the beginning of a camp had to be rounded out into a finished product. What is now a hard-surfaced roadway—Fifth Avenue, some call it—was a series of chuck-holes and deep mud. Marshy reaches and mud beds had to be drained and made habitable, a switch-yard had to be reclaimed, hundreds of old ties, rotting in the moist earth, had to be dug up and either used again or dispensed with, brush had to be cleaned away and burned. All this took great labor and lots of time; but today there are few more attractive and comfortable camps anywhere than Camp Vail. Few camps have its health record. Accidents were about the only things that incapacitated men for regular duties. There were other problems, not of a material nature, to look after, which were successfully handled. Recreation had to be provided for men who were hemmed in through a severe winter. Colonel Cowan was always ready to help in anything that meant proper diversion and recreation for his men. He was always kindly disposed to the man who was homesick. The writer of these



lines had many, many visits with Colonel Cowan and is deeply grateful for his excellent co-operation with what was being attempted and done for the diversion of the troops at this post. He appreciated, particularly, that sort of actual co-operation as against the verbal kind that one finds in some places.

Colonel Cowan leaves with the very best wishes of those of us who had the pleasure of working with him here.

His successor is Colonel George W. Helms, a Virginia gentleman, who comes to this camp from a great work at Leon Springs. We asked the officers of the Training Battalion who had come from Leon Springs what kind of a man the new Colonel was, and if he could have heard the expressions from these men who had been in his command at the Texas point, he would have been pleased, we are sure. Not a single man had anything unpleasant to say about Colonel Helms. Indeed, every one of them were greatly pleased that they were to be associated with him again. One thing that struck us about the Colonel was that every last man at Leon Springs really KNEW him, beyond a sight acquaintance, which probably indicates that the Colonel is a real person—an agreeable person.

Colonel Helms is a West Point man, a former infantry officer, and has a long and creditable record of service in the Philippines, Vera Cruz, and along the Texas border, where it took real soldiers to weather the gales. He feels now that he is living across the street from his old home, for he had

been anywhere from a thousand to 8,000 miles from home for the past twenty-five years. He is married and has two sons who will probably later be U. S. A. officers and keep up the family record established by their father.

The new Colonel has a very pleasant smile and an agreeable manner. His visitor has an inclination to forget something so that he can go back for it the next day and have another talk with him. His pipe recalls visions of his predecessor; but, then, maybe it is the custom of all commanding officers to smoke the same kind of pipe.

We hope the Colonel will find it convenient to visit our Y. M. C. A. building frequently. We shall be glad to have him attend our entertainments and our other activities whenever he has opportunity. Whenever we can do anything to help along his plans, we hope he will not hesitate to command us.

—o:o:o—

GERMAN PIERS ARE OURS NOW.

Because they were necessary, the President took title, in the name of the U. S. of A., to all the docks, piers, warehouses and terminal equipment facilities on the Hudson river formerly owned by the North German Lloyd Dock Co. and the Hamburg-American Line Terminal and Navigation Co. We took their ships a while ago, and have sunk their submarines, taken their machine and other guns and are now engaged in the pastime of taking the Germans themselves. Guess the Huns will pretty soon take us seriously.

THE BIG ATHLETIC MEET.

Lacking only red lemonade, peanuts, hot dogs, and a few concession salesmen, bawling out their wares, Camp Alfred Vail celebrated its first anniversary by pulling off a regular, big, successful athletic meet, on the old polo grounds, now used for flying field, the day before Independence Day.

Automobiles, parked side by side, stretched from the main road almost to the new quarters of the Q.M. Even the unfailing balloon was there. In the midst of ceremonies a huge dirigible, steel-blue in color, passed over the field. In lieu of concession men, Announcer Charlie Truelsch exercised an excellent pair of lungs and a stentorian voice which carried to every part of the big field. There was the usual amount of cheering accompanied with the ordinary line of funny (?) side remarks, calculated to befuddle the runner or player and nettle the judges; love-sick swains held hands in the more remote corners and talked soothingly, as parted lovers do when they see each other. The big crowd made an unbroken fringe around the aviation field, and was constantly shifting. The sky was exceptionally clear and the sun met with no obstacles as it scorched into the spines of the crowd.

The 13th Service Co., commanded by Captain Heckart, carried off the honors of the day, with a total of 49 points and won the big silver cup. The 10th Field Battalion captured second place, accumulating a total of 30 points; 417 came next, with 26 points; followed by 29th Service Co., with 18 points, R. O. T. Bn, 13 points, 418th, 5 points. The athletic officer of the 13th Service Co., is Lt. Frenna, who was one of the prime movers of the whole show. The track team if this outfit was coached by Pvt. R. O. McLaughlin, and managed by Pvt. S. S. Serling.

Expert pistol sharp, Lt. O'Day, of the 10th Field, handled the shooting iron, and acted efficiently as starter. He playfully cocked the revolver when it was loaded and added a thrill to things by pulling the trigger to see if the gun was in working order. It was, and his brand new breeches are willing to testify to this fact with scorched spots. Everybody near him ran at the shot, and he was then fully qualified to perform the arduous duties of official starter.

The Running Broad Jump was the curtain-raiser, and the runners finished in the following order: Weber, 13 Service Co., (Radio Mechanics), first, (Continued on third page)

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Published Weekly, Wednesdays by the
Y. M. C. A. at Camp Alfred Vail,
Little Silver, New Jersey.

Address all communications to Y. M.
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WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1918

Y. M. C. A. Staff.
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REV. JOHN HARVEY LEE,
Religious Work Director
E. C. WOOD, - Business Secretary
E. D. HALLENBECK,
Physical Director
Associate Workers.
FATHER A. LACASSE,
Representing Knights of Columbus
H. KURZMAN,
Representing Jewish Welfare Board

OFFICIAL NOTES FROM HEAD- QUARTERS.

All officers of this command are in-
vited to make use of the equipment
for sea bathing and swimming at Ce-
darwood, Park avenue, Elberon, N. J.,
on Saturdays and Sundays. There is
no charge.

JEWISH WELFARE BOARD ITEMS.

Jewish services will be held as usual
this Friday night, in the Y. M. C. A.,
at 7.15 p. m. Last week the boys
greatly enjoyed the services and the
talk of Dr. Hyanson. We hope the doc-
tor will come and see us often.

Boys of Jewish faith, get acquainted
with your representative. Come in
and see him any time in the Y. build-
ing.

Sunday night, July 7th, a number of
boys were entertained by the people
of Long Branch, and they certainly
had a great time. All the boys who,
in the future, wish to be invited to the
homes of the Jewish people herea-
bouts better see me and have the ar-
rangements made for you.

All are cordially invited to visit the
Young Men's Hebrew Association
rooms in Broadway, Long Branch, a
couple of doors from the Broadway
Theatre. The members of this organ-
ization are very anxious to do their
bit and continue the fine work they
have started.

A Jewish Welfare Board, of Long
Branch, has been organized by the
people of that town, to work in con-
junction with Mr. Kurzman, in looking
after the welfare of the men.

RUMSON NITE.

The whole camp will be out on
Thursday night, July 11th, with a
hearty welcome for the Rumson Com-
mittee, who will be at the Y again
with plenty of ice cream and cake for
everybody. Positively no one will be
overlooked. It will be a big night.
Miss Marie Warrington, singer, and
other, will furnish the prelude to the
eats.

Church Services at the Y. M. C. A.

Sundays:
8 to 9 a. m., Low Mass, conducted
by Father Lacasse.
9 to 10 a. m., Episcopal services,
conducted by Rev. Dale.
9 to 10 a. m., Christian Science serv-
ices in the lady's room.
8 to 9 p. m., twilight meeting of a
general nature. Singing and a
brief talk.

Fridays:
7.15 to 8.15, Jewish services in the
ladies' room.

Saturdays:
6 to 9 p. m., Father Lacasse will
hear confessions in his room.
Frequently, during the week, some
speaker of prominence will discuss re-
ligious and moral topics in open meet-
ings, to which all are invited.

RED CROSS NOTES.

By Mrs. Limburg.
The growth of the Red Cross activi-
ties among the suffering civilian pop-
ulation in the different Allied coun-
tries is, up to this time, the outstand-
ing feature of Red Cross work in this
war. The magnitude of the work in
France is particularly impressive.
Broadly speaking, the Red Cross
War Council has proceeded upon the
theory that the present work of the
Red Cross should contribute to these
great aims:

1. To be ready to care for our sol-
diers and sailors on duty wherever
and whenever that care may be need-
ed.
 2. To shorten the war by strength-
ening the morale of the Allied peoples
and their armies, by alleviating their
sufferings in the period which must
elapse until the American army can
become fully effective abroad.
 3. To lay foundations for an endur-
ing peace by extending a message of
practical relief and sympathy to the
civilian population among our allies,
carrying to them an expression of the
finest side of the American character.
- I have just received a letter from
Mrs. Post, and in it is a message from
Co. C., 10th Field Bn. Here it is:
"Remember your Captain Post, and
good luck and Godspeed from me!"
To the Radio Lab.:

Though a wire fence separates us,
don't forget that you are very wel-
come in the other part of camp. Red
Cross House is for you, too, and we
hope to see you here very often.

C 10TH QUARANTINED AGAIN!

C Co., 10th Field, is in quarantine
again for measles. Their ill-luck about
parallels that of the 55th Battalion,
who were like the Irishman in the
Gilliland poem, only they were "Out
ag'in, in ag'in, out ag'in, in ag'in!"
Cheer up, gents!

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CAMP VAIL BEAT DIX'S BEST.

Camp Vail established a superiority of baseball talent when they beat the best of Dix's ball tossers at the yard in Asbury Park on Independence Day. Mr. Harvey 'phoned Hallenbeck, physical director of the Y. M. C. A., one day and asked whether we thought we could dig up a bunch of players to give the Camp Dix team a workout. Hallenbeck ventured the statement that we could get together a team that would work 'em out to a thin edge and then wipe them off the table. Hallenbeck communicated this information to Lt. Albro and the Athletic Commission and the machinery at Camp Vail was immediately put in operation. Hallenbeck got a bunch of shoes with spikes for the team and made endeavors to collect full uniforms that looked something alike, but couldn't get away with them. Mr. Harvey came to the rescue and the Camp Vail team blossomed forth in uniforms, even if they were not all alike. Quite a delegation of Vail rooters went along, and Dix sent a bad and a lot of cheerers to help their boys to victory; but it took more than bands and cheerers. Colonel Helms was on hand and saw our boys trot across with the game.

There wasn't a whole lot of sitting down on the part of the big crowd at the game. The possibilities of the game, with men on bases, tight places, etc., kept them up on their feet yelling to help along, befo' the opposing pitcher and to add speed to the nimble legs of the base-runners.

When a small camp like Camp Alfred Vail can put out a ball team to walk away with the best team from a big camp like Camp Dix, then it is time for us to stick out our chests and crow. The Vail team, with Lt. Williams in the box, took the game from Dix by the score of 3 to 1. Not until the seventh inning did the Wrightstown youths get over a tally, and this resulted from a series of three errors and a hit, which let D'Espies, the Dix first sacker, over with their only run. Two innings passed without any scoring on either side, and it will be a long time before two innings more filled with sensations and thrills than these were. Excitement was high and the supporters of both teams had, as we said before, mightily little chance to warm the seats.

Lt. Williams was always master. His quick delivery and slight pause between plays had the Dix fellows bewildered. They probably were used to pitchers who were more deliberate and waited longer between balls. Saegert did the receiving and did a fine piece of work.

The third inning saw the beginning of things in earnest. Dix got a man to second on a fluke. A hit and an error netted Dix another man on first, but the infielders tightened up and there was no scoring. In our half, Korzenowsky, our first sacker, determined to start something, and got a clean hit to center; a bunt advanced him to second and put another man on first. They worked a double steal,

and when Young weighed in with a long hit they romped home with the first scores of the game. They were never headed in their lead and the game was safe for the rest of the way.

Dix got men as far as third in the fourth and sixth innings, but Williams tightened up and there was no hitting him safely in the pinches. He was as steady as a rock when the Dix crew were trying hardest to fool him and get his goat.

Wrightstown got across with a score in the seventh owing to three errors and a hit. We caught a runner on third immediately afterward and killed the short-lived hopes of Dix. In the eighth Dix men were on all the bases, and were out through clever playing on our part. In this inning Young doubled with the only extra-base hit of the game, and added a third score for Camp Vail. Another Signal Corps man went forward on a fielder's choice, although the fielder failed to catch Young off the bag. While Atkins was solemnly contemplating the ball in his hand, Young beat it for third, and after playing a little bit of "pussy-wants-a-corner" with the Dix pitcher and Sweetman, the Dix second baseman, he got on a Sweetman's flivver and was safe on a poor throw to the plate. Atkins retired the next two Vail men and as Dix was unable to make a dent in the Vail lineup during the ninth session the gates opened and the crowd left the field.

Following are the scores:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|------------------|-------|----|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Camp Vail | | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | x | —3 |
| Camp Dix | | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | —1 |
| Camp Dix. | | R. | H. | E. | | | | | | |
| Sweetman, 2b. | | 0 | 1 | 3 | | | | | | |
| Grulick, 3b. | | 0 | 2 | 1 | | | | | | |
| Crager, c. | | 0 | 3 | 0 | | | | | | |
| Martin, ss. | | 0 | 2 | 1 | | | | | | |
| Keukel, rf. | | 0 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | |
| Butler, cf. | | 0 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | |
| D'Espies, 1b. | | 1 | 0 | 2 | | | | | | |
| Seaman, lf. | | 0 | 1 | 0 | | | | | | |
| Atkins, p. | | 0 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | |
| | | 1 | 9 | 7 | | | | | | |
| Camp Vail. | | R. | H. | E. | | | | | | |
| Sparklin, lf. | | 1 | 1 | 0 | | | | | | |
| Young, 2b. | | 1 | 2 | 2 | | | | | | |
| Childress, ss. | | 0 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | |
| Coleman, 3b. | | 0 | 0 | 1 | | | | | | |
| Comisky, cf. | | 0 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | |
| London, rf. | | 0 | 0 | 1 | | | | | | |
| Saegert, c. | | 0 | 0 | 1 | | | | | | |
| Korzenowsky, 1b. | | 1 | 1 | 2 | | | | | | |
| Williams, p. | | 0 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | |
| | | 3 | 4 | 7 | | | | | | |

—o:o:o—

NEWSPAPERS ON FILE AT THE "Y."

The man away from home always likes to read what the home folks are doing, and in order that the fortunes of the old homes of the men here might be followed more closely we have subscribed for the following papers, which will be found in our newspaper rack: The Cincinnati Enquirer, The New York Times, The New York Sun, The Kansas City Star and the Brooklyn Daily Eagle come to us gratuitously, for which we are greatly obliged. Other papers will be added to this list shortly. We hope to have a Southern paper, a Chicago paper and others.

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122D AERO NOTES.

The next time Irv Collins takes his girl canoeing we hope that she don't have to swim ashore—who put the hole in the canoe, Irv?

After viewing the Field Meet, Dads Vadakin and McCormick challenge all comers to a mile run.

"It's my opinion," remarked "Bal-dy" Flagle that middleaged men who claim they feel as young as they ever did have forgotten how young they used to feel."

Note in the Garrett (Ind.) Daily Clipper: "Well do we remember Mrs. Johnston's little boy Buford, and how bravely he marched away to war. Latest reports are that he is devoting most of his time motoring with Silo Jakes' eldest daughter, Sophie, in her Fierce-Sparrow." What is bed-check compared to a cedar barrel?

Sgt. McCall has only one complaint against Asbury Park. He claims that the Steeple Chase is hard on the seat of his breeches.

It seems more natural now that we see Red Potter in our kitchen once more, rushing pots and pans.

Maybe, after all, it would do no harm to pray for the Kaiser. That's what Doctor Voorhis says about taking sulphur and molasses.

Note: We regret to announce a change in the program of the 122d Jazz Band, but necessity forces us. Corporal Dour refuses to sing "The Wail of a Lonsome Spine" because it was sung at the funeral of his great-grandfather. He will substitute "Is Limburger Cheese Good For Lumbago?" For reasons best known to them, Lockhart and Sparks will sing "Asleep In Shrewsbury" instead of "You Made Me What I Am Today."

The 122nd Aero Squadron extends their compliments to the 13th Service Co. and 10th Field Bn., upon their success, Field Day. More power to you, fellows.

—o:o:o—

RADIO LABORATORIES.

By Themselves.

There are only two things that keep Sergeant Major Henderson from dancing, and they are his feet.

They talk so much about the barb wire entanglements on the battle fields, but if they have anything on the fence that surrounds the Radio Lab. I would like to see them.

Since the departure of the 122nd Aero Squadron from our barracks peace and quietness have descended over us.

And still we will not miss any of the 122nd when taking bed-checks for they were never in on time, anyway.

M. S. E. Oliver and Pvt. Stewart went on a furlough for a few days to get married. O, well, there will be two more good fighting men for Uncle Sam after a few days of married life.

The Beau Brummels of the 29th suffered a sad let-down the other evening, when that order pertaining to non-regulation uniforms was read on retreat formation. This man about town existence we have been leading bids fair to be cut short in its youth.

Someone has been circulating the rumor that we are to have bed-checks on Saturday and Sunday nights and reveille on Sunday morning removed

from the "curriculum." They must think this is Fort Wood—either that or the Old Soldiers' Home.

Now that the bathing beaches have opened, and other summer activities are going full blast, the barracks resembles a country graveyard in mid-winter — nothing stirring but the breeze!

While we think about it, we would like to present a question to our readers for a straw vote, the question being: Would you like the privilege of going to the Little Silver Recreation House in O. D. shirts, instead of wearing your blouse? Guess the response would be unanimous, if we could but secure the permission!

We had a card from our good friend Wakefield, postmarked Boston, the other day, which goes to prove he really has been where he said he was going. We didn't doubt your word, Wake; but then even if we did, this documentary evidence clinches the thing. We miss your notes this week and hope they will stretch out to two columns next week, with story and pictures about your trip to the Hub.

—o:o:o—

SPORT BREATHS in SHORT PANTS

Boxing and wrestling are getting back into their own at the camp. Time was when we had some exhibitions of these manly arts every Tuesday night. We will gladly stage bouts almost any time they can be arranged. Glad to have them.

There is excellent provision for swimming in pools 300 to 450 feet long at Monmouth Beach. This is a private beach, in a sense, and through the kindness of some of the good friends of this camp, it has been given over to the soldiers here. Go around and see what things are like. You will find one of the best-equipped swimming places and club-rooms in this neck of the woods.

When it comes to ball players, the 13th Service Co. is sure there with the wallop. But then, too, they seem to have about everything in the way of athletics—runners, jumpers, riders, etc. Our hats are off to you, gentlemen.

Well, anyhow, nobody can accuse Lt. O'Day of being afraid of anybody when it comes to passing out baseball decisions.

That boxing tournament would have been good last Friday if we had had it.

It looks like Cast had better keep shy of athletic meets the day before the 4th.

Those prizes will be engraved in New York and handed out for keeps to the winners pretty shortly.

We understand a newly organized ball team is shortly to blossom forth. Will they play against the team that beat Camp Dix the other day? Yep! This team is going to play the heroes.

The big pool at Deal, through the kindness of the Mayor of that borough, has been placed at the disposal of Camp Vail soldiers Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 6.30 to 8 o'clock. You can learn to swim there without cost to you. Come around to the Y and talk it over. Trucks will leave the Y. M. C. A. building at 6 o'clock on the above evenings for Deal. Come in; the water's fine.

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ALBERT S. MILLER, Red Bank, N. J.

(Continued from first page)

Albertson, 417th, second, and Bird, 29th, third. Records: Winner, 18 feet; second, 17 feet 11 inches; third, 17 feet 5 inches.

Standing Broad Jump: First, Bird, 29th Service Co., 9 feet 2 inches; Albertson, 417th, and Vandeuzen, 10th, Fld., each 9 feet, 1½ inches.

100-Yard Dash: First, McLaughlin, 13th Service; Time, 12 flat; second, Mackillie, 13th Ser. (Radio), and third, Tierney, 29th.

220-Yard Dash: First, McLaughlin, 13th Service, time 27-1; second, Geissler, 417th; and third, Keenan, 13th, Service.

12-Pound Shot Put: First, Hussey, 10th, 38 feet 6 inches; Miller, 29th Service, 37 feet 6 inches; and Nickse, 13th Service, 37 feet 1 inch.

Horse Hurdle Race: As soon as the horses could get used to hurdling and jumping in approved Frontier-Day style, this race was pulled off. It gave thrilling exhibitions of equestrian handling by some of our erstwhile broncho buster friends, and was exciting enough for anybody. The starters finished in this order: First: Private Hall, R. O. T. Bn; Lt. Irwin, second, and Grieb, third. The time for the course was 4 minutes.

The Roman race was next. As the the starters warmed up their frisky mounts and the audience backed away to safe distances, and the field cleared off, as if by magic and without verbal invitation, the hospital unit, which had heretofore been sitting at ease on the fenders of their ambulance, moved up a bit closer and looked over the stretchers and softened up the pillows, ready for service. This was to provide thrills again, as one man attempted to ride two running horses in a race. For a time, it looked like the medics were going to get their hands in. Of the starters, Harris, R. O. T. Bn, was the only one to finish. The others succumbed to various troubles, and, one by one, became audience instead of performer. One of the horses looked about rather disinterestedly, and headed for the barn where the hay awaited him.

Next came the 440-Yard race, which was won handily by S. A. McDonald, 13th Service Co., (Transportation Dept), 372; 37-2; Geissler, second, 417; Hammond, 10th, Battn, third.

Four-Men Relay Race: 13th Service Co., winners. Men running were: 13th Ser. Co., Johnson and McDonnell, Munson and Taft; time, 2-32-2-5; second, 417th, Quigley and London, and Somers and Geissler; third, 29th Service Co., McCall and Davidson, and Hayes and Mitchell.

No field day would be complete without a sack race. There are always comedy situations in a sack race, and this one was no exception. It was won by Jerlick, 29th Service Co., who was followed by McIntosh, 13th Servicewith Waldington, 29th Service Co., third.

Rescue Race: First, Cast, B. Co., 10th, Fld., 17 seconds; second, Gray, 417th, and Gwallmey, 13th Service Co., third.

Running High Jump: Weber, 13th Service, first 5 feet 2 inches; second, Simth, 13th Service Co., 5 feet, and Wilcox, 417, third 4 feet 8 inches.

Pole Climb: Bitterly, D. Co. 418th, first; Albertson, 417th, second; and Lloyd, 13th Ser. Co., third.

Military Drill was greatly stimulated by the exhibition of several picked men before a large audience. It was vastly different than drilling on a back lot or an out-of-the-way road. There may have been a touch of stage-fright here and there. The first contestants were a picked lot of men from the 417th. Telegraph Battalion, under command of Lt. MacNeill. They executed "Squads East," and "Squads West," and then, "Squads South," and gave place to a detachment of Radio Mechanics from the 13th Service Co., who stepped snappily out commanded by Lt. Back. The audience sat up immediately and squinted their eyes, and then, on the execution of the first command, spontaneously broke into loud applause. The men on the field, given white-duck trousers, peaked caps and rosettes, and shining boots, might have passed for one of our big military school classes of cadets. They maneuvered about, immediately executing commands, some of which were done in double-time to the great delight of the crowd. They executed "to the rear" in double-time on slippery, long grass, without anybody slipping and falling. Commands followed each other very rapidly and were executed without flaws. Lt. Back established his reputation as a drill master which will be difficult to pass. He had a very apt lot of pupils, also. The 10th Field followed, commanded by Lt. Dutcher, whose "1-2-3-4" rang out clearly and powerfully and the men provided some thrills by some classy maneuvers. The announcer called out, after they had retired, "The winners of the military drill are the 13th Service Co.," and did not know, perhaps that his words were prophetic, for the 122nd Aero Squadron were standing at ease, just in the fringe of the crowd, waiting for this chance. They were announced, after the next event had been called. They marched out, under command of Lt. Wright, and went through the prescribed commands creditably. Let it not be forgotten that the Signal Corps is not so experienced in drilling as the infantry or some other branches of our Army, and they must not be expected to perform like West Pointers. All of the outfits performed creditably and none of them have anything to be ashamed of in the matter of drilling before big crowds. Lt. Back, being a former infantry officer, was better acquainted with drilling than his fellow officers, which was very evident when his men stepped out on the field. His men were made up of volunteers who were not commanded to engage in the drill on this day. Before they marched out, he stood among them and quietly told them: "You men all know what to do; now then do it." The judges of this event were Majors Bowman, Dekker, and Captain Burch, who were kept stepping about pretty lively.

The Tug-of-War was won by the 10th Field, and closed the big day. It was supertime before this event was staged. The sun was still high and
(Continued on fourth page)

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(Continued from third page)

hot and there were inward indications of chow call and visions of full plates as the crews of the contesting outfits ranged along the heavy line. The first pull was between the 29th Service and the 13th Service Co., and the 13th won. The next was between the 417th and 418th, the former winning out. The 10th and the 13th, then went at it, teeth and toenails and the 10th won. Then came the final pull between the 10th and the 417th, resulting in the verdict being awarded to the 10th Field.

The winners gathered in the Y. M. C. A. building, in the evening and the prizes, provided by the Y. M. C. A. were given out by the officials of the Y. The first individual prize was a gold medal watch-fob; second, silver, and third, bronze. Company prizes were silver cups, and there was a silver cup individual prize for the horse-hurdle race and the Roman race. The Y. is having these engraved for the winners.

The field meet originated in the fertile brain of Mr. Wood, of the Y. staff, who, though he wasn't proclaiming his abilities as an athletic director, was willing to do what he could. When the affair had gone through the process of official memorandum, through the kindness of the Commanding Officer, Hallenbeck, physical director, full of enthusiasm, put his shoulder to the thing and with the generous co-operation and hard work of the Athletic Commission of the camp, the thing came to pass—as soon as one J. Pluvius, rainmaker, permitted. The Athletic Commission is made up of Lt. A. B. Albro, Chairman; Lts. Williams and Wright. Rain caused the first postponement, and Pay-day the next; but neither of these days were so perfect as the one on which the meet came, and everybody was satisfied. Another thing to be considered, in noting the records, none of which were broken, is that the regulation uniform was worn by all contestants. Regulation Army shoes were worn, and O.D.'s, in order that none should have advantage.

Greetings, Major Solomon.

The other evening, just before the movies started, a very affable gentleman came into our office, and we recognized him as Captain Solomon. "Hello, Captain," we greeted him. "Be careful, now," came the reply. Then, for the first time, we noticed the silver band on his shoulders had been replaced with gold leaves, and rose to congratulate a new major.

Major Solomon is now commanding officer of the 417th Telegraph Battalion, our next-door neighbors to the west, where once was "No Man's Land." He came here from Fort Wood about a month or so ago, and was assigned to the 417th, Battalion. He had been assigned to special duties at Fort Wood.

For three years, he has been a member of the Signal Corps, and before that he had several years' experience in various military organizations, and is well qualified to perform the duties of major. We congratulate him, and congratulate his command in having such a genial officer. There are

now four majors at Camp Vail: Major Hirsch, Major Bowman, Major Dekker and now, Major Solomon.

IRISH SHOW GOES BIG.

The Hudson Guild, in 27th street, New York, has a lot of good entertaining talent, and through the kind interest of our little neighbor in the Red Cross house across the way, we had a big show last week.

The percentage of Irish ancestry of these fair young players was very high, as you will suspect by reading their names. The show was under the immediate management of a promising young entertainer answering to the title of Andy Nevins—which is an Irish name, ain't it? The chief musician of this little troupe was Eddie Combe, who certainly knew his job well. He not only played his own accompaniments, but those of all the rest of the group. He was the only foreigner in the lot, his parents a few generations back coming from France, as his name would suggest. Eddie tickled the ivories to the delight of the big audience. Billy Gowire, a rather lengthy youth, sang "Long Boy" and danced that humorous rube step. Bill got by all right and the boys gave him a good hand. Ida Lundgren sang several ballads and did a duet or two with Combe, which went over quite well and pleased the boys so much they asked them to sing it over again and then to sing another song. Agnes Calhoun, a very pleasant young lady, sang very well, and got a good share of the applause. The biggest hit of the group, though, was Nevins. He was full of pep and that strange likeable quality they call personality, and he put over his songs and dances in regular professional style.

An added feature of the evening was our soldier friend and erstwhile bell-hop of "Oh, Boy!" Bobby Hale. Bobby had been engaged in that delightful pastime of K. P. for four days from which he came fresh in his glories. He was accompanied ably by McLaughlin and Pinkerton, at the violin and piano respectively. Bobby waltzed around, handing out morsels of jokes and getting laughs. He sang several songs in his usually good way and the boys all liked him.

The house was filled, and on pay day at that. We have never heard of such a thing before. We think we shall have to have some more Irish shows.

—o:o:—

LT. HUMBLE WEDS.

Our genial, ticklish friend, Lt. Elmer H. Humble, 13th Service Co., went to work and done it, as they say it in Missouri. He got married. When we saw the Lieutenant chugging out of camp night after night in his joy wagon, we had suspicions there might be a lady in the case; but we didn't know things had gone as far as they had. This young lady was a Pacific Grove, California, girl, and her name was Lora F. Meadows. They were married in St. James' Church, Long Branch, Wednesday evening by the rector, Rev. M. A. Barnes. Dr. J. P. Delaney, of the Camp Hospital, and Mrs. Delaney were there to help along the ceremony. Good luck to you, Lt. Humble, and to Mrs. Humble, too.

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TRAINING BATTALION NOTES.

Letters have been received by the distinguished author of these lines from "Brick" Anderson and from "Drisc" in which it is stated that Camp Vail is the finest camp they respectively "have ever seen in their life," and we who love Camp Vail are like a girl with her first beau, always glad to hear the old, old story.

Lt. Anderson wishes to be remembered and states further in his letter that Topeka, Kansas, is only a wide spot in the road to him now after having seen the big outside world.

Which suggests the thought that a lot of men after the war is over will find their own home towns a different place than to their boyhood time it seemed; but life itself is a change, and if a true perspective be maintained the broadened horizon occasioned by temporary separation will be a gate to a richer life and an inspiration for higher things.

Lt. Driscoll confided that he expected to be married July 14th at Birmingham, Alabama, and we all know that the future Mrs. Driscoll will be wife to one of the finest men in the world.

One by one the Training Battalion fade away into the stilly watches of the night, and all carry with them a heritage founded on contact and association with the men who have charge of the battalion at this camp, and in time of stress and doubt at some future hour it will be of value to the nation to have these men enabled to think "what would Major do in this case?" The men who leave here carry a credit of faith because of association * * * let us all strive, therefore, to do now and in the future credit to that association so that one deprived by duty from immediate participation in the trenches may feel that his proxies are enabled to do, because of his training, in part at least what he could do were he over there.

Lt. "Jack" Stover had a wisdom tooth pulled while on his leave home and spent most of his leave nursing a swollen jaw, which confirms our opinion that it takes more than a tooth to make a wise mind, else the leave would have been spent in better business.

Our L— S— contingent claim to be horsemen of accomplishment.

Cavalry mounts they claim with glee
Are as rocking chairs to them;
Nothing before did ever they see
That could their ardor stem.

Everything that ever wore hair,
And some that fairly flew;
Burros and mules and untamed bear,
Are naught if their stories be true.

But one little horse in Irwin's gang
Has the number of everyone;
And as around its neck they hang
They know their course is run.

60 is numbered in its hoof;
Harmless figures they;
But under "horsie's" sloping roof
Is wisdom of many a fray.

So over the side, or over the ears,
But bound thru the air they go;
'Tis Waterloo without any tears—
Old sixty's too good, as they know.

A sad condition of affairs was disclosed to a young lady who, while talking to one of the Training Battalion officers, was shocked as follows:

"I can't"

"I am confined to Camp"

"Two weeks"

"It's a long story"

"Well, we are both to blame" (generous?)

"It's a long story"
"Well, if you think you can I'll call you up about six-thirty; good-bye."

MAJOR MITCHEL IS KILLED.

Major John Purroy Mitchel, ex-Mayor of New York City and an officer in the flying section of the Signal Corps since last winter, was killed at 8.05 o'clock on the morning of July 6th, just beyond the boundaries of Gerstner Flying Field, near Lake Charles, La. He fell about 500 feet. The machine he was using was a single seat scout plane and was new to him. The safety belt, usually fastened before ascending, was found to be unfastened.

Major Mitchel was known as a fearless flier and had been driving heavier machines at San Diego, California, for some time before going to Gerstner Field a week ago. He was seen to plunge from his seat and fall toward the earth, as his machine went through a few gyrations and made a nose dive. Whether he was suddenly attacked with one of his severe headaches, to which he was subject, or, losing control of his machine, jumped, is not known, though it would seem unlikely that the latter conjecture is probable.

As a member of this branch of the service, we unite with those who regret exceedingly his sudden death; as a public leader, and an efficient executive, we join with those who mourn his loss. He was one of the brightest young men of his time. It is going to be very difficult to replace him as an officer and a man.

60 MORE WOMEN TELEPHONE OPERATORS REACH FRANCE

The Committee on Public Information, division on woman's war work, issues the following:

A fourth detachment of 60 women telephone operators in the uniform of the American woman's telephone unit has reached France for work with the American Expeditionary Forces, according to the announcement of the Civilian Personnel Section, Signal Corps, United States Army. One hundred and sixty women are now serving in this capacity with the American troops abroad.

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When We Say It's Good, It's Good.

(By Mrs. Jerome Danzig.)

Veteran (of six months) to New Arrival.

New One: What's the game after mess?

Vet.: Pretty soft. Uncle Sam sends you to Long Branch in his motor bus and drops you in front of the Army and Navy Club.

New One: What's the club for, and what's it like?

Vet.: A large, roomy, cool building, facing the ocean. Pool and billiard tables, writing-room and swell stationery for the folks at home to receive; and a canteen with real food for live boys, and, best of all, they don't dig deep in your pocket for what they sell you. Their motto is: "We fill the tummy without emptying the pocket."

New One: Gosh!

Vet.: Last Wednesday they had a real Broadway "Profess" vaudeville show; eight numbers, swell dances, good singers, imitations and musical clowns, and Sailor Reilly, to sing for the boys. He sure can make the eagle spread its wings and get chesty. They give a rattling good show every Wednesday at 8 p. m., followed by a dance on the porch and in the club-rooms, and Saturdays a dance from 8 till 11. Such music; it makes even the rookies step up. I could "hike" forever, if they sent that drummer along. Where they get all the girls from beats me; but they have them, and such dancers, too. They will remind you of the girls you left at home. I hear that there are 110 who have promised to come to the dances.

New One: Any more good news?

Vet.: Sure! The outdoor movies every night, except Sunday, from 9 to 10, right in the back of the club-house—free—and real pictures. They give you something to dream about and allow you to forget "Squads right!" Then there's music during the movies, too. One rainy night, I thought the club might be slow; but it seems that even on rainy nights we are not allowed to grow downhearted. There is a nice little girl in the club-house who sings and plays the songs we like to sing. Some place!

New One: Gee! What's next, Santa Claus?

Vet.: Only ocean bathing, near the club-house, for the slight set-back of ten cents, if you bring your suit and towel, any night between 6 and 8.30.

New One: Why, for a quarter, or even less, you can freshen up in the ocean, have a whole evening's entertainment, snatch a bite and a soft drink before taking the bus back and reach camp feeling like a real feller. Gosh! If I had known all this, I should have joined the service sooner.

(Author's Note): And it's all true, men. Here's the program of the week's entertainment; read it through:

Monday—6 to 8.30 p. m., bathing privileges; 9 to 10.10, movies in the airdome.

Tuesday—Same as above.

Wednesday—6 to 8 p. m., bathing privileges; 8 to 9.30, vaudeville show.

Thursday—Same as Monday and Tuesday nights.

Friday—Same as Monday and Tuesday and Thursday.

Saturday—6 to 8.30, bathing privileges; 8.30 to 11, dance.

Sunday—6 to 8.30, bathing privileges.

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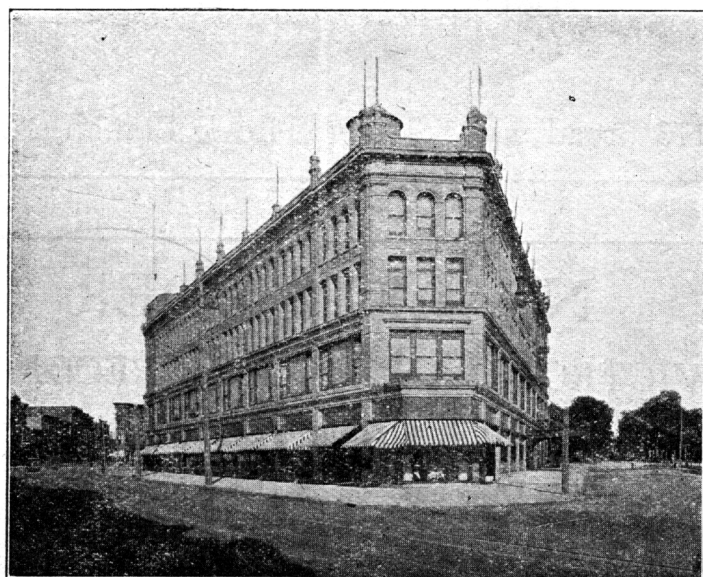
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